

# CAPITAL SAVED BY OTTOMAN BRAVERY

Bulgar Plan of Advance Upset by the Stubborn Defense of Adrianople

## PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR

Uncensored Story by Frederick Palmer Tells How Allies Met Their Match When the Turks Finally Were Aroused.

By FREDERICK PALMER, Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald in the Balkan War.

Mustapha Pasha—The minarets of Sultan Selim!

Needless to say, I have seen them rise over the indistinct mass of Adrianople from the distant hills, then as substantial columns from the nearby hills, and again so close from the shellproof of an advanced infantry position that I could make out the tilings on the dome of the great mosque itself.

The simple grace of the minarets dominated town and landscape, and siege. Weary drivers of the weary oxen of the transport and still wearier artillerymen, bringing up additional guns through seas of mud, saw them for the first time as a token of defiance, of work unfinished, of battles yet to be fought, and of lives yet to be lost.

Infantrymen in the advanced trenches saw them as the goal against a foe which had fallen back without any adequate rear guard section, but which had begun to fight desperately under their shadows.

That Turkish garrison, as it withdrew into the shelter of its forts, seemed to find something of the spirit of old Sultan Selim the Magnificent, for whom the mosque was named, but with this difference: Sultan Selim was not given to falling back on forts and minarets. He stormed forts, he went ahead to plant his minarets in the soil of Christendom.

Reuses Old Turks' Spirit

From the first in this war the Turk took the defensive, from the first he accepted it as his part and portion of the campaign.

In Bulgaria, where many Turks still live under Christian rule, we had seen the terrible Turk, the great fighting man of the past whose soul was supposed to be above lowly toil, as a bulwark of wood and a carrier of water. He did not live in the absence of the Bulgarians at the front. The loss of the post had been trained to dig trenches.

All the early victories of the Bulgarian army, completed an impression of a one-time lordly race demoralized and enervated who retained only the fatalism of "Kismet" in its lexicon. The warrior's cry, "For Allah!" was lost forever. But at Adrianople "For Allah! For the Minarets! For the Padishah!" rose again to the dignity which abandoned bravery always commands.

The sheer, impetuous fearlessness of the Bulgarian, well drilled and coolly manipulated, was the first great revelation of the campaign, and the second was how in the hour of hopelessness, his desperation aroused the old qualities of the Turk.

Every situation, every development in the war reverted to Adrianople. It was the hub to which the first plan of strategy of the campaign. It lay over the first army before Tchetalia as a nightmare. It stood in the way of the prompt supplies of bread and bullets for the first army. It delayed the signing of the armistice for ten days. It has been the main subject of contention before the London peace conference. It was responsible for the treatment of the military attaches who saw nothing of the war, and of the correspondents who saw little.

War Hinges on Adrianople

Even our phlegmatic little English-speaking censor assistant at Mustapha would lose his temper at the very suggestion of any peace terms with Adrianople still in Turkish possession.

"We shall have a revolution if we don't get Adrianople," I have heard many officers say. "We shall not go home without Adrianople," the wounded soldiers returning from the front kept repeating.

Such were the instructions which Dr. Danneff, the Elhi Root of the Balkans, took with him to London. Adrianople was graven on the minds of his countrymen. By diplomacy he must get a fortress which was not yet taken by force of arms.

Glance at a map and you will see that the whole success of the allies depended on bottling up the Turk on the peninsula, so that all the other Turkish forces from Scutari to Adrianople, from Kumanova to Hassania, should be cut off from communication. The Greeks, Serbs, and Montenegrins were the backs. The Bulgarians undertook to buck the line.

Bulgaria did not have to consider a reserve army. European public opinion and the jealousies of the powers acted as efficient substitutes for the Bulgarian military statesmanship understood that if Bulgaria were beat on the powers would never permit Turkey to take an inch of Bulgarian soil. It was a case of "Heads I win, tails I don't lose."

The Turks knew this, too. It was

an old situation to them. Successful war meant no aggrandizement only that no more territory would be taken from them. This is enough, after some generations, to breed the defensive instinct in any soldier.

The Turk must have his back against the wall in order to fight well. His attitude is that of the mad bull against the torador; and a very mad bull, we know, sometimes gets a horn into the torador's anatomy and tosses him over the palings. This happened in a way at Adrianople.

"Victory is to the heaviest battalions," Bonaparte said this, but after Caesar said it after some general of Egypt, Babylon or Nineveh.

The allies knew that their success depended on speed in a fall campaign—speed and the shock of masses pouring over the frontier. There was a hundred-yard dash chance.

The Serbs at Kumanova, their critical battle, had odds of at least four to one.

The Greeks never had less favorable odds, usually much higher.

As for the Montenegrins, who had a small show, what they did in one way or another did not matter. They had work to keep them fully occupied, as it developed in the siege of Scutari.

The only one of the allies who disdained modern organization, their failure to make any headway again emphasizes the wide difference between a body of men with rifles and an actual army.

Bulgars Bear War's Brunt

So the Bulgarians took the great and telling work of the war on their shoulders. You have only to know the Bulgarians to understand that this was inevitable.

There is stubborn and aggressive character enough in Bulgaria to spare for all southwestern Europe.

Bulgaria made a hundred-yard dash with ox cart transportation, and made it around an obstacle—Adrianople. The main railroad line and the great Constantinople highway ran by Adrianople. It was on the direct line of communication from the center of the Bulgarian base to the center of its objective.

In the center of Thrace, it was the only real fortress on the way to Constantinople. Kirk-Killiseh, or Lower grade, as the Bulgarians call it, despite their willingness to allow an impression of its formidability to be spread abroad, was not in any sense well fortified.

Now, the first thing was to surround Adrianople, that is, to strike at it from all sides, as the key to the position. A branch of the main Sofia-Constantinople railroad line runs to Yamboli. With this as its base, Demetrieff's or the First army swung



Nazim Pasha

around Kirk-Killiseh, which was taken in the first splendid order of the campaign. With its fall anyone can see from a staff map that any battle line of defense with Adrianople as a part of it was impossible for a force of the numbers of the Turkish main army.

Two or three hundred thousand men who were homogeneous might have held on, but not half that number when badly organized. Therefore, Nazim Pasha had to fall back to a new line and leave Adrianople to care for itself.

Reveals Bulgar Courage

The next step was the decisive battle on the line from Lule Burgas to Hunaniasar.

There, again, superiority of numbers, as well as organization, counted, but superiority which makes a heavy turning movement possible while the enemy's front is engaged.

In short, the Bulgarians had the Turks going. They gave the Turks no rest, and they had a sufficient numerical preponderance. In addition to the dependable courage of their infantry to guarantee success.

So there was nothing wonderful about the strategy of the campaign, nothing new, nothing startling. The old principle of the swift turning movement had been applied to the situation in hand.

By the flank the Japanese kept putting the Russians back from the Yalu to Mukden. By the flank Grant put Lee back to Richmond.

There was just one, and only one, startling feature in this war—Bulgarian courage. That enabled Demetrieff to gain at Kirk-Killiseh and Lule Burgas in a hurry what most armies would have required much more time.

Demetrieff had willing flesh for a necessary sacrifice. He threw his infantry against frontal positions in a cloud, into shrapnel and automatic gun fire, without waiting to silence the enemy's batteries.

And after Lule Burgas the next step would have seemed the storming of Adrianople. When peace negotiations should begin, it was a vital point in their favor in the negotiations to have Adrianople in their possession.

The Bulgarian treatment of the correspondents is one of the many indications that the Bulgarian staff did at one time expect to take Adrianople by storm.

It was argued by serious correspondents who did not feel that they ought to waste their time or the money of their papers in idleness, that the Bulgarian government ought not to have received any correspondents at all. But this was not logic to the government. The press represented public opinion. It could serve a purpose, and all the college professors in the land who spoke any foreign language found their work in the common cause, no less than grandfathers found his in driving an ox cart and the women in making bread.

The plan was well thought out, and the regulations, which would fill a column, left nothing that occurred to officers or college professors out of consideration. No mention was to be made of the wounded, nor even of the weather, if it were bad, for bad weather might tell the enemy that the roads were bad.

While many an imaginary account, because it had the stiltedness of narrative which characterizes all convincing fiction, was hailed as real war correspondence, the Bulgarian staff, when it came to actual reports of actions (exclusive of massacres), was scrupulously exact and exasperatingly late and brief.

All praise by the press kept the ball of the prestige of victory rolling. It helped to convince the powers and the Turk that the Bulgarian army was irresistible. The stage climax of the whole campaign would be the fall of Adrianople. Therefore were the correspondents moved to Mustapha Pasha just as Lule Burgas was being won, and Constantinople being then supposedly defended only by a demoralized army, which could not make a stand, every report from Mustapha Pasha which showed that Adrianople was on the point of capitulation added to the stage effect of Bulgarian triumph.

Turks Defy the Bulgars

As the first Bulgarian army drew near the Tchetalia lines, the noise on scene was complete, but Nazim Pasha, making use of the elapsed time to fortify the Tchetalia lines rather than submit to the humiliating terms offered, bade the Bulgarian hosts "come on."

Success had turned the heads even of the Bulgarian staff. They had begun to think that the old fighting quality was out of the Turk, and so, as the Bulgarian infantry to under-go slaughter that it was only a case of reaching another charge of flesh against shrapnel and automatic gun fire, and the day was won.

At the same time there is to be kept in view the generally accepted tenet that you must not send infantry against any well entrenched position until its batteries are silenced or it is known that they can be kept under control during the infantry attack by a well concentrated fire of your own batteries.

Demetrieff used his guns for a day in trying to develop the strength and location of the enemy's batteries. But the Turks would not be drawn. At last the tables were turned.

Meanwhile Adrianople also was telling. You may discuss as much as you please whether the original plan of the Bulgarian staff was to mask this fortress or to take it by storm, the fact remains that the only result was to mask it, and the lesson was that any garrison in the rear of an advancing army, though it is held securely in investment, remains a mighty force in being for the enemy's purpose.

Nature meant Adrianople to be a fortress. Past it on the south flows the Maritza river, taking its origin in the Balkans and plowing its way across the alluvial lowlands of Thrace to the sea. A strong bridge crosses it on the line of the Constantinople highway at Mustapha Pasha, some twenty-five miles from Adrianople.

This bridge, which is not far from the Bulgarian frontier, the Turks left intact, a characteristic piece of carelessness in the earlier part of the war in keeping with all other signs of Turkish demoralization and wrongheadedness, which might easily lead the Bulgarians to think that Adrianople would not resist a brilliant onslaught.

Mustapha Pasha became the headquarters of the second Bulgarian army, under General Ivanoff, who was to have the thankless task of the operations around Adrianople. While easy glory was to be the fortune of Demetrieff, who commanded the first army—until the first army had to take positions in front without any opportunity for flanking, which was the nature of Ivanoff's task from the start.

Ivanoff Wakes Up. It was Papastepe and Kartaltepe which wakened Ivanoff from his dream of a final brilliant stroke in keeping with the earlier ones of the war, just as Tchetalia brought Demetrieff down from the clouds of overconfidence. Papastepe is one of many hills in the narrowing rib of the 203 Meter Hill of the siege. With guns in position there, Adrianople would be under bombardment. The Bulgarians took it by sending in the usual cloud of infantry and losing about a thousand men. But the Turks took it back again. Four times I am told, it changed hands in the course of those eight actions which we observed only by the brilliant flashes in the sky above the hills.

Far up the valley in the mist was Kartaltepe, that other important hill which commanded the river bottom of the Arda. We took Kartaltepe in November and a month afterward, in one of their splendid sorties, the Turks, so far as I could learn, had taken it back; but it was as untenable for them as Papastepe was for the Bulgarians. Possibly because it was again ours and very evidently ours permanently, the Bulgarian censors had found it worth while to confound skepticism and persistent unfriendly rumors by allowing the correspondents to enter the promised land of their dreams, where for weeks, between the batteries on the hills and the infantry in the muddy river bottom of the Arda, hell had raged in the winter rains.

We did not know then, as we were to know a few days later, that beyond Kartaltepe in the direction of Iedegatch was another force isolated from the Adrianople garrison and the main Turkish army that of Tayer Pasha with 10,000 men caught in the literal flood of that 100-yard dash of the ready, informed, prepared aggressor against the unready enemy taken unaware and hastening reinforcements to the scattered garrisons and trying to adjust itself for the blow to fall with the crash of a pile driver released from its clutch.

Disclose War Secret

But Tayer Pasha's 10,000 were still a force in being, with guns and full equipment, a force in a box, a force in desperation.

Do you see the Adrianople garrison which was in touch by wireless with the Turkish main army, striking out to connect up with Tayer Pasha? Do you see Tayer Pasha trying out lines of least resistance in a savage effort to reach Adrianople of the main Turkish army?

Something to stir the blood, this, is the way of a war drama, while not a single foreign correspondent or at least knew even of the existence of Tayer Pasha's command until its capture.

The news of this was conveyed with the official assurance that no Turkish force except that of Adrianople remained in Thrace, when we had been under the impression, for over a month, that it was the only one. The censors did not smile as they posted the bulletin, but some of the correspondents smiled at themselves.

No after the first rainless hope of a successful general attack was over, Ivanoff was fully occupied in holding Adrianople safely in siege. That battery of old Krupps, which fired over the advanced Serbian infantry position, while a battery of Creusets in turn fired over it, added their items of evidence to the same end.

These Krupps were taken by the Bulgarians at Pleven in the war of 1877, and given to the little army of the new nation of Bulgaria. Bulgarian results had dragged them through the muddy roads and over the pastures and beautifully employed them, and were working them, against the enemy with heroic pride. But the world was looking on at the modern Creusets and their brilliant showing.

The Bulgarians almost proved that you can make bricks without straw. They won the war by the bravery of their self-confidence as well as by their courage.

Adrianople, which was about to starve if it did not fall, had a concentrated two months' supplies when the armistice was signed. With the 70 and 20-year-old conscripts already on the way to the front, with a cavalry list that is easily one-fifth of the whole army, there was no sign of weakening.

The square chin of the stoutheaded Bulgarian was as firmly set as ever. I wonder what would happen in Europe if it included in its borders a nation of 100,000,000 Bulgarians.

Botanical Expert Busy

F. N. Myer, one of the most successful explorers of the department of agriculture at Washington, has again started for China, expecting to be away for three years, where he will conduct investigations in a remote field never before visited by an agricultural scientist. During his former travels he was especially interested in drought resisting trees and fruits. He found some trees that stand an absolute arctic temperature with no rain to speak of and sent back specimens that will be tried in some of the cold and arid sections of the northwest where no trees have been grown before.

Sure

Oabe—What is a charity ball. Steve—That's when the neighbors come in to cry with the woman whose husband has just left her.

# NEWS of MISSOURI

BUYS TRAINLOAD OF MULES.

East St. Louis Buyers Break Sales Records at Fulton.

Fulton.—All records in fat mule sales have been broken in the last ten days, when buyers for firms at the National Stock Yards, in East St. Louis, bought 780 head for \$165,338.75, an average of almost \$212 per head.

Guyton & Harrington were the heaviest buyers, their purchases amounting to 505 head. Their shipment was made from McCord's and Auxvasse and consisted of a solid train of twenty cars.

More mules are on feed in Callaway county and the buyers will be back after the holidays to look at the 1,000 head still in the feed pens.

MISSOURI HOGS TOP MARKET.

Boone County Raiser Gets Fifteen Cents Above Ordinary Prices.

St. Louis.—Missouri hogs maintained their reputation here when they took the top at the St. Louis National stockyards and sold from 5 to 20 cents a hundred more than the top at any Western market.

The top-takers came from Boone county and weighed an average of 225. They brought J. M. Ingers, who raised and marketed them, \$7.45 a hundred, or 15 cents above the average top at the other Western receiving points, Chicago reaching only \$7.40, Kansas City \$7.25, St. Joseph \$7.25 and Omaha \$7.20.

Bless Relics to Be Sold.

Macon.—The new owners of the Bless property at Macon announced that they will begin an auction sale of the personal property January 21 and continue daily until everything is disposed of. This will include rare volumes and relics. Col. F. W. Bless acquired during his travels. There is a Maximilian dinner service bought from the president of the Mexican Central railroad for \$5,500, once the property of the unfortunate emperor of Mexico.

Jesse L. McNease Freed.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Hildreth issued a proclamation, January 17, freeing Jesse L. McNease, who was convicted in Missouri courts in 1905.

Fire Destroys Postoffice, Two Stores

Waynesville.—The postoffice at Waynesville, Mo., was destroyed by fire. The postoffice, drug store and mercantile store all in the same building. Nothing was saved but the second floor. The loss is estimated at \$18,000.

Bronaugh Out for Marshal

Jefferson City.—John W. Bronaugh, lately of Laclede county, is the new marshal of Laclede county. He was elected by the voters of the county in the last election.

Girl Sues Ex-Employers for \$25,000

St. Louis.—Miss Katherine Hester, aged 18, a former resident of the city, has sued the firm for \$25,000 for malicious prosecution. Miss Hester was employed in a chain of saloons.

Maryville Honored in Song

Maryville.—Maryville is probably the only town in the world which has its full name in the world which is so honored and sung in song. The song which was composed by G. L. Searcy, a former resident of Maryville, is called "Maryville."

Strangers to Ask Reform

Jefferson City.—R. L. Wainwright, out-going member of the state board of education, will ask the legislature to put the exam question department under the supervision of a competent board.

Boy Accidentally Shoots Companion

Jefferson City.—While out hunting Jerry the day boy of 14 accidentally shot his companion, Jewell, a 10-year-old boy, with a shotgun. The shot was through the flesh part of the leg above the knee.

Killed by Fall Downstairs

Jefferson City.—R. L. Wainwright of Clarksville, who was working on the temporary railway building, fell down a flight of stairs in his boarding house and sustained injuries which caused death.

Instructor and Coed Wed.

Columbia.—E. E. Reim, musical instructor at Christian college, and Miss Grace Floyd, student at the university, whose home is in Guthrie, Okla., were married. Mr. Reim received the degree of L. L. B. in 1912.

Former Judge Callahan Dies

Salem.—After ten days' illness, J. R. Callahan, aged 68 years, died at his home. Judge Callahan was born in Dent county. For ten years he was judge of the probate court and prosecuting attorney.

Republican to Be Chief Justice.

Jefferson City.—Although there will be only two Republicans left upon the supreme bench after January 1, one of these will be chief justice and the other presiding judge of Division No. 1 by right of commission.

# OLD SORES CURED

With a few drops of this medicine, old sores, ulcers, hemorrhoids, etc., are cured. It is the only medicine that cures them. It is the only medicine that cures them. It is the only medicine that cures them.

PISO'S REMEDY. For Coughs and Colds. It is the only medicine that cures them. It is the only medicine that cures them. It is the only medicine that cures them.

W. N. U. ST. LOUIS, MO. 1-1913.

Fewer flowers for the dead and more for the living would help some.

The man who refuses to set the error of his way has just that much further to travel back.

Always get quality value in LEWIS' Single Binder. That is why the student wants it. Adv.

The smallest thing in the world to do is to make up your mind what you would do if you were in some other fellow's place.

ST. LOUIS, MO. 1-1913.

There are many flowers in the garden of domestic life.

Yes, particularly in the kitchen.

Business Acumen.

What? Fifty cents for getting to the head of the class? You charged only a quarter the last time.

Yes, mum, but coal has risen.

Inherited.

What there ever an informer in your family?

What do you mean by such a question as that, sir?

I noticed that your lady is inclined to be a squarer.

Not Missed.

If a man takes an idea into his head that the community he lives in cannot get along without him, the surest cure is for him to take a month's visit somewhere, remarks E. B. Gould of Oklawaha.

When he comes home he will find that the cow has been milked regularly during his absence, that the corn has been husked and cribbed just as well as he could have done it, that the chickens and ducks and pigs didn't stop growing during his absence, that the regular winter literary society has been organized and is making progress without his august presence, that the roads have been drained regularly and that some of his own problems didn't show how he had been away. These are just a few of the little things that make a fellow realize that he is not so indispensable to the world as he thinks he is. —Kansas City Journal.

MADE OLD GENTLEMAN WROTH

Misunderstood Editor's Use of French Word and Truism Was With Difficulty Averted.

It was in Indiana, not as very long ago, that the daughter of an old white farmer was reading the country newspaper to herself. She had got to the "Personal" and read this:

"Mrs. Willie Morris, nee Black, has returned from a visit to her parents in Indianapolis."

"I don't quite understand that," said the old gentleman.

"What don't you understand?" inquired the daughter.

"That part about Mrs. Willie Morris, nee Black. What does 'nee' mean?"

"Oh, that's French, and means she was born Black."

"Yes, nee is French for born."

"Well, it ain't no' changed the old man jumping up and giving his fat 'I knowed her parents and they were as white as snow' and 'I see that sister went off.' But before he could get away the daughter—expanding matter and the old gentleman pulled down his trousers.

STEADY HAND

A Surgeon's Hand Should Be Firm, Not of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from invariable constipation and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day. "I had a surgical infirmity because of nervousness, the water dranked me to coffee."

The doctor became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup of breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it.

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon."

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given upon request. Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form, called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste, and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 60 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich. Adv.